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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

THE HEIR-APPARENT TO HAVE A BOUT OF "PEDESTRIANISM" IN GERMANY.

I learn that the prime object of the Prince of Wales's forthcoming visit to Germany, where he will stay with his future brother-in-law's relations in Neu-Strelitz, is to go in for a bout of those walking excursions which are so popular with Germans, and which will do more than anything to improve his Royal Highness's physique. The Prince will also do a good deal of motoring in his own car, which he will take with him. Strelitz is a very thinly populated country, and the Prince will have lots of opportunities of doing long runs with little fear of accident. The one long-distance walk which the Prince indulged in upon his last visit to Germany—that from Lindau to Friedrichshaven, a distance of fifteen miles—was greatly enjoyed by His Royal Highness, and we learn that on arriving at Friedrichshaven, and being asked by Count Zeppelin how he felt, the Prince replied: "Fine, sir, fine! Never was fitter in my life!"

For the trip to Strelitz I learn that the Prince is to have a new suit of Manx tweed, a material most people will hear of for the first time. It is true that the land of the tailless cats produces very good tweed cloths, and very smart homespun some of them are, too. Anyway, the Prince is going to have one to show the Deutschen, and it will be of cloth manufactured at the Ruskin Mills at Laxey, in the Isle of Man. The King is also going to wear a Manx suit when he goes north for the shooting in September, and the Isle of Man is likely to see one of its former profitable industries revived. The Ruskin Mills at Laxey were founded at the suggestion of the late John Ruskin.

Royal Fear of Suffragette Plots.

It is sincerely hoped that the people of Windsor will be a little patient with the King for keeping the state apartments closed so long. It is true that much injury is being done to the trade of the town by this embargo, but the two terrible incidents at Epsom and Ascot now show that the alarm of the Royal Family at the plots of the suffragettes, detailed in these columns some weeks ago, had the best possible foundation. We pointed out that many of the Royal residences, notably White Lodge, in Richmond Park, had been the objective of "gunpowder plots" on the part of suffra-

gettes, and were being guarded night and day, in order to prevent trouble.

Even the soldiers who nightly parade to and fro in front of Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House are ever on the *qui vive* for possible blowers-up of Royalty! The King is shortly going to stay with the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley, and so fearful are the Derby family that their Majesties may be molested, that arrangements have been made whereby all the roads of the County Palatine are to be closed for two hours when the King and Queen are expected to travel over them. This interference with the amenities of rural life in Lancashire is caused only by the knowledge which the King possesses of the secret machinations of the suffragettes.

Will Queen Mary Succumb to the "Hobble"?

Queen Mary has not yet appeared in a hobble skirt, but time is broadening Her Majesty's views on dress, and the Queen's newest robe, which is in a Gobelin blue cloth, has a tendency to smartness which has not so far characterised Her Majesty's attire. It has a narrow skirt of the now fashionable cut, and it is an inch and a half shorter than any of Her Majesty's other robes, and quite clears the ground. In the Court entourage this amazing departure from custom is said to be the result of the trip to Berlin, where Queen Mary found herself less well dressed than the Kaiserin, who used years ago to be regarded as unusually dowdy, until the Kaiser himself started buying his wife hats and dresses. The last time the Kaiser was in England he purchased twenty new hats for the Kaiserin in Bond Street, and had them sent off at once to Berlin.

Why the Lancashire Comedians have "Arrived."

A graceful compliment to Lancashire has been paid by the inclusion of George Formby in the cast of performers who are to appear before T.M. at Knowsley. George is a Lancashire "balladist," with a pretty dialect, and no small humour. By the way, the Scotch comedians who worried so many London audiences with their rotten attempts to be funny seem to have disappeared as quickly as they came. Lauder has had scores of imitators, but they remained imitators. The reason they were such dismal failures was invariably the same—they ranted about the stage and bawled in a dialect totally unintelligible to the average Londoner. Lauder, *au contraire*, knows how to tell his story in a language modulated to the cockney ear, and the highland brogue is sometimes almost unnoticeable in his dialogue. Consequently his jokes all "get there," and having a really good voice and a slow delivery, Lauder has caught the London fancy, where other kilted comics have miserably failed. Hence the arrival of the Lancashire comedian, and he seems to have come to stay.

Who was "Lord de Manley?"

The *Observer* includes "Lord de Manley" amongst the guests at the Caledonian Ball. Of course, there's "no such person!" But the name gives us pause. Who was the gentleman? Presumably the name is a misprint for Lord de Mauley, a peer who is not well known in society, and who is seventy years old, and still unmarried. But his Lordship is an interesting survival. The old barony of de Mauley, which sprang into the British Peerage as far back as 1295, and was for over four hundred years lost within the maze of female co-heirs, was adjudged at the beginning of last century to have fallen to a set of daughters of the Shaftesbury family, one of whom was Lady Barbara Ashley-Cooper. She had married a Ponsonby, a son of the third Earl of Bessborough, and he was awarded the de Mauley barony in right of his wife, and the guest of the Scots the other night was Lady Barbara's grandson. Lord de Mauley has a nice place at Lechlade, and the heir-presumptive to the title is his Lordship's parson brother at Bristol.

A Stranger in the House of Lords.

Lord de Mauley has, however, never done anything noble or naughty to merit the above "honourable mention" in these columns, and the reason we introduce him here is the possibility that he may not have been the gentleman thus erroneously referred to by the *Observer* as "Lord de Manley." In that case the Caledonians may have had one of the Gay Lotharios of Society as a guest at their ball, who thus added one more memory to a list of "intrusions" of a unique kind. This is the whiskered gentleman who goes about calling himself "Lord de Morley." You may meet him in the City, with a company prospectus sticking out of his pocket, and you may meet him in the House of Lords.

sitting calmly upon one of the scarlet benches waiting for the janitor to notice the presence of an intruder, and to lead him gently forth into the lobby. "Lord de Morley" has the gift of the gab," and, quaint little bird that he is, he has a convincing diction, and he has nearly kidded a Lord Chief Justice of England into believing him a Peer of the Realm. He isn't anything of the sort, however. Moreover, his comely-promoting papers are not quite in order, and his noble title as "fifteenth Baron de Morley" is a danger to many silly people who imagine that the name of a lord on a prospectus is a guarantee of its bona-fides.

The "Luck of the Penningtons."

There is sorrow in one of the baronial halls of the north country. "The Luck of the Penningtons" is running out, and ere long a clan which has played its part in English history for five hundred years will be no more. In Lowndes Square the other day

there died the Hon. Alan Pennington at the age of 76. He was the last heir of the honours of the Penningtons of Muncaster Castle, and when Lord Muncaster, the late gentleman's elder brother, has passed away, the Penningtons will have come to an end. Just lately there have been rejoicings at Muncaster Castle, on account of Lord and Lady Muncaster's golden wedding. Now they are mourning for the last of their race, for his Lordship and his lady have never had any children, and the family is thus nearly extinct. The story of the Luck o' the Penningtons begins with the flight of our King Henry VI. at the battle of Hexham. Beaten and broken in health the unlucky monarch sought the shelter of Sir John Pennington, within the friendly walls of old Muncaster Castle, and the knight protected the king from the troops of the rival sovereign, Edward VI., who were then sweeping the north country from sea to sea.

The Blessing of a Broken King.

From its perch in Hardknot Fell, Muncaster Castle commands the country from the hills to the shore—a position of immense importance so near the Border. The Penningtons received the Castle at the time of the Norman conquest, and they have held it ever since. For their devotion to poor King Henry he presented them with the curious glass cup known as "The Luck of the Penningtons." For years the red tide of war had rolled over England, as Yorkists and Lancastrians fought and wrangled for the Crown. Towton Heath had been encumbered with 38,000 fighting men, the youth and strength of the kingdom. Then had followed Hexham, which had entirely shattered Henry's hopes and driven his Queen and heir into exile in France. "My gratitude and my prayers are for John Pennington. 'Keep this cup in memory of me. And may Muncaster never lack an heir to inherit its hospitable hearth and its acres as long as the cup remains unbroken!'"

A Picnic in Greece.

Well, the old King's prayer has been potent until the death of his present Lordship the Penningtons will

have ended, Lord Muncaster's only heir being that brother who has just died in Lowndes Square. Lord Muncaster is the fifth baron and ninth baronet. He sat in the House of Commons before his peerage was elevated to a barony of the United Kingdom, and he can look back upon some tragic experiences. Both he and his late brother were veterans of the Crimea. After that great war Lord Muncaster went in for "the Diplomatic," and eventually found himself in Greece. One day the British Legation organised a picnic to the famous field of Marathon. The party included Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, and their child, Mr. Fred Vyner, brother of a Marchioness of Ripon, the Hon. E. Herbert, several attachés of the Legation, and M. Bayle, the Austrian Minister. The joyous party were returning towards Athens across Mount Hymettus, when brigands pounced down and swept them off to their fastnesses in the mountains. Affairs in Greece were then in a dangerous state, and authority of any kind weak and wavering.



GRACE.

The Picnic Ends in Tragedy.

But the Government of the late King of the Hellenes sent troops to search for the miscreants, and regain their prisoners. Finding the hue and cry was hot, the robber chief sent Lord Muncaster back into the city with his terms. The freebooter demanded 800,000 francs as ransom, a free pardon for all crimes past and present, and the liberation of certain of the bandits who were then in the grip of the police. Hard terms the Greek Government thought them, but Lord Muncaster urged the terrible state of the case so forcibly that Mr. Erskine, the British Minister, made prompt arrangements for the payment of the money.

The Greek authorities on their account despatched more troops, thinking to secure the robbers and their captives at one stroke, and so save the necessity of paying the ransom at all. Lord Muncaster had no idea of this, but the robbers heard of it as such men hear all things by their spies. Enraged at what they thought

double-dealing, they murdered every single man of that picnic party, leaving the women behind them as they fled further into the mountains. For both Lord and Lady Muncaster the recollection of those terrible days must be too sad to dwell upon.

A girl at the seaside is worth two in town.

Flappers believe in luck; women in cause and effect.

The man who first originated "flats" knew something of the difficulties of a married man in love.

Clubs for women have added much to the comforts of home.

Experience is said to be the best teacher, yet there are men who marry three or four times.

Every man is ready to sympathise with a deceived woman—barring, of course, the one *he* has deceived.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Comedians in the Pulpit.

The union of Church and Stage appears to be proceeding apace. A few days ago we had the announcement that Mr. James Welch was to occupy a London pulpit some time in the autumn, and we sincerely trust that he will change his mind and restrict his energies to the sphere in which he holds a bright and shining place. We are not pruders, but there does seem something incongruous in the "hero" of a very witty but very "Frenchy" farce (which, by the bye, is about the most amusing thing to be seen in London just now) standing up in a pulpit. We don't want comedians in pulpits, though, unfortunately, we often get them—unconscious comedians, that is to say. Still less do we welcome Scottish comic vocalists—or comedians, if Mr. Harry Lauder aspires to the latter designation. The fact that an ex-pitman, through some curious freak of the public mind, has risen to dizzy heights of opulence, and is enabled to "earn" a salary equal to the emoluments of half-a-dozen Cabinet Ministers, does not, in our opinion, entitle him to lecture less lucky mortals from a pulpit on the "power of sociability," or any other subject under the sun. His success in such a rôle is merely a *succès de curiosité*, and its only tangible effect is to inflate still further an abnormally swelled head.

Politics from the Stage.

Just as we do not care to take our religion from the mouth of a comedian, so we strongly object to having politics thrust at us from the stage. In these days of the Revue, perhaps that is a somewhat strange thing to say, but the fact is that the English tongue does not lend itself to the delicate satire which makes "topical allusions" so amusing in the French revue. We use the bludgeon and not the rapier in these matters, and the effect is not happy. In Revues and in pantomimes, perhaps, there is some excuse for the intrusion of the jibe political—always, by the way, written from the Tory standpoint—but political, or party, venom is quite out of the picture in a musical comedy such as, say, "Oh, Oh, Delphine," where a very clever song is spoiled by the introduction of some exceedingly cheap sarcasm on the eternal Marconi affair. W. S. Gilbert never permitted this sort of thing, and as "Delphine" is quite funny enough to do without such extraneous and irrelevant matter, we cannot imagine why it should be permitted.

The Encore Question.

The *Times* has led the way into a lengthy discussion on the "encore" problem in the theatre and on the concert platform, and some very interesting and amusing suggestions have been made—none of which stands the faintest chance of being adopted. We like best the suggestion of Mr. George Mozart, that repeated encores could be coped with by the practice of giving a short speech. We quite agree. A succession of speeches from popular music-hall artists would certainly damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic audience. In time audiences would become so afraid of having a speech fired at them that they would hesitate to applaud at all, and there would be a tremendous slump in the salary lists of popular favourites. Of course, in reality, the so-called "encore problem" is not a problem at all, or at any rate it is not a problem that is ever likely to be solved, as the public will continue to ask for more of a thing he likes, and the supply will fill the demand.

Another Case in Camera.

Mr. Mead, the Marlborough Street magistrate, must have been asleep for the past few weeks. We thought it had been definitely established by a recent House of Lords decision that courts of law have no power to exclude the public except in certain very restricted cases. Yet Mr. Mead, during the hearing of what has been styled the "West End Flat Case," had the assurance to clear the public benches and to inform members of the Press that it was a secret inquiry, and they were only present as a privilege. Evidently, then, a London magistrate has greater powers than a High Court judge. We trust the members of the daily Press will not allow the matter to rest here. They must make it clear to Mr. Mead that they attend his court as a right and not as a privilege. The editors and sub-editors of the various journals should not allow any magistrate to assume the office of censor of newspapers. If the newspapers offend against decency and decorum by the publica-

tion of noxious matter, the common law is strong enough to deal with them. We cannot have a magistrate setting up a law unto himself.

Women and the Trousers.

Are we to regard the manner of escape of Miss Lent the suffragette alleged arson expert, as a foretaste of things to come? She escaped from police surveillance at Leeds by donning masculine attire, although she was supposed to be prostrate as the result of nine days' hunger strike, and has thereby added to the gaiety of nations, scarcely a compliment to the trade or profession of "gruelling" that a debilitated suffragette can so readily assume its salient characteristics as to deceive a more or less watchful posse of detectives with the greatest of ease. While the subject of suffragettes and trousers, it is interesting if rather belated—to note that the services of men were requisitioned to carry the coffin of the deluded Miss Davis at the service in a London church. This seems to us one of the blots upon a function which was so exceedingly well stage-managed that it lost all the effect upon the public mind which a more simple and less obviously propagandist funeral might have produced.

An Opening for Authors.

To the enterprise of cinematograph film-producers there is no end. Canada has the honour of scoring "the limit" for the time being with the appearance of a popular author. Mr. Jack London, as a film actor in his own stories. Mr. London is an exceptionally adventurous sort of man, always ready to sample new experiences, and thus it is scarcely likely that Sir J. M. Barrie, or Sir A. Conan Doyle, or Sir Gilbert Parker, or any other of our literary lights, will follow his example. Certainly they are not likely to emulate his singular modesty. Mr. London declares that he will act in his own play-stories, "so as to ensure the right sort of interpretation of his heroes." The modest assertion that an author can best portray his own heroes opens up a rather enticing realm of conjecture. Mr. Le Queux, with his familiarity and comradeships with crowned heads, is really the only author we can think of at the moment who could convincingly portray his own heroes. Sir Conan Doyle would be impossible as Sherlock Holmes, as Professor Challenger, Sir J. M. Barrie, we fear, would not be convincing as Peter Pan, or Mr. Wells as Kipps, or George Ponderevo. At any rate, if Mr. London does succeed as a film hero, he has certainly succeeded in drawing attention to a possible profitable opening for decadent authors.

The Wiles of "Our Own Correspondent."

Quite the most cheery feature of our staid and solemn morning Press is the avidity with which they will swallow and print—all manner of weird and wonderful stories from their correspondents in "furrin parts." Any old yarn seen



PEOPLE WHO BORE US : 3.—The man who has seen the play before, and cannot conceal that fact.



NOT IN THESE!

"We leave this place to-morrow, George. There are some vulgar people actually going into the water."

good enough for the *Daily Telegraph* and even the *Times*, so long as it purports to originate at or near the correspondent's sphere of action. Not long ago we had the pleasure of re-reading in the *Daily Telegraph*, as a genuine piece of Berlin or Vienna (we forget which) news, a rather blood-curdling ghost story covering half a column, which appeared in a South African journal some ten years earlier, and we could, an we would, give other instances from the columns of the penny dailies. With the halfpenny press so high a standard cannot be expected, or we should be spared the terrible "News" in French and German of the *Daily News*—most of which was stale in the days of Queen Anne. But it is really putting a strain on public credulity to serve up two "stories" such as a couple in the *Daily Express* this week. One emanated from America, and purported to be an interview with a "Mr. O. Dammit," who was said to be petitioning the Courts to change his name, and the other (from Berlin) was a narrative of the pleasant little habit of a steam roller driver, who apparently was accustomed to take off his trousers in the highway and run the roller over them to press them. Really this is a bit too thin—or thick—and we fail to see how a thirst for news can be appeased by purveying feeble vapourings of the smoke room, or alleged facts which require an abnormally large pinch of salt to make them go down. We refrain from pointing the moral with the "Fairbairns Aviation Disaster," as that was a cleverly-worked hoax, which deceived everybody, and also because we have a very shrewd idea who was the originator—not his first attempt in this line of business.

One Law for the Rich.

We should like to know exactly what would have been done by the Woking magistrates if an ordinary working-man, caught in the act of infringing the law, had attempted to bribe the policeman to make the charge "drunk" instead of "drunk and disorderly," or something of that sort? We ask the question because the Great Unpaid of Woking failed to record a conviction in the case of Lieut. Harold Wesley Hall, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, charged with attempted bribery, because when stopped by a policeman

for driving a motor-car at 35 miles an hour, he slipped a half-sovereign into the officer's hand and suggested that the reported speed should be reduced, as the culprit had two previous convictions for exceeding the limit. We are scarcely credulous enough to believe that the Guardsman's sole object was the generous and kindly one of providing the policeman with the wherewithal to slake his thirst. A road-hog who is stopped in his wild career is not usually so complacent, being rather given to violent language than exceptional generosity in such circumstances. But, anyhow, the yarn was good enough for the Woking Bench, and it only remains for us to congratulate Lieut. Hall upon his exceeding good fortune in appearing before a singularly gullible lot of magistrates.

The Eternal Suffragette.

A correspondent gently upbraids us for certain very restrained remarks concerning the militant suffragettes in a recent issue, and incidentally gives us a lengthy exposition of the case for woman's suffrage. This was quite unnecessary. We do not require convincing as to the logical right of women to the vote, if they want it. That they should have it thrust upon them against their will owing to the disgraceful caperings of a few notoriety-seeking neurotics is what we do not uphold. We quite fail to understand why, with such a good case, the militants should resort to methods of violence. It is an inversion of that good old dictum which is drummed into the knowledge-box of every fledgling barrister:—"Bad case, abuse the other side!"

Women Who Undress.

According to the fashion papers, woman's waist line is slipping downwards, and is now located about the hips. That really does not interest us very much. A matter for much greater public concern is that woman's dress is following the example of the waist, and the time seems to be near at hand when it will be impossible for a shy and modest man to venture in the places where fashionable ladies most do congregate. We have seen some shocking specimens of

"peekaboo" blouses of late, which would put in the shade the most daring of evening gowns, and really it does seem quite time for women to call a halt. We have no desire to see the re-establishment of sumptuary laws in England, but if matters get much worse the police will have to take steps in the interests of public decency, as is at present being done in many towns in the United States. Otherwise we shall all have to flee to the seaside, as the bathing-gown alone will contain sufficient material to hide our blushes. Perhaps, however, the "cold snap" which has recently set in will cause a modification of the outrageous modes which are in no way suited to the British climate.

A Clerical Hooligan.

There does not appear to be much of the milk of human kindness about the Rev. H. A. Hill, rector of Wordsley, Staffs., and rural dean of Himley. This clerical hooligan ran amok the other day, being annoyed with the conduct of some boys who were playing in a tree. To show them how to behave on the Sabbath he chased one of the youngsters and belaboured him unmercifully with his fist, blackening his eye and making his nose bleed. We are open to admit that a boy released from the restraint of Sunday school is often an objectionable little beast, but that is no excuse for a clergyman displaying the fact that he is a big beast. The magistrates at Brierley Hill, though inclined to sympathise with the parson, fined him £2 and costs, £4 16s. 6d. in all, which is letting him off very cheaply indeed, and we trust that the parents of the injured boy will bring a civil action for damages, so that the reverend "gentleman" may be punished severely in the pocket for his lapse from the decencies of civilised conduct.

Women Smokers.

The *Daily Mirror* would have us believe that women are nowadays taking to cigars and the pipe to sooth their jangled nerves, but we suspect that some enterprising tobaccoist has been pulling the leg of the *D.M.* young men. A little light wooden pipe, we are told, is the one most affected by the fair sex, but that pipes are not so much the vogue at present as the cigar. We are open to bet that the *Mirror* will not discover as many women smokers of pipes and cigars as there were lines in the article telling us all about it—except, perhaps, women who do it out of bravado or by way of experiment, which is rarely repeated. The cigarette, undoubtedly, does more and more find its way between the lips of women—women who earn their own living as well as the butterflies who toil not—but then a cigarette is a dainty little object which lends itself to the display of tapering fingers and flashing rings, besides having a more soothing effect than the grim business-like pipe. At the same time, we believe that men do not at heart approve of their women smoking—not that that matters!—although they may look with a lenient eye upon the smoking habits of other fellows' sisters and wives.

President Poincaré's Visit.

The visit of the French President has been a great popular success, and we hasten to say ditto to all the nice things that have been said concerning this latest manifestation of "l'entente cordiale." We do not put our good feeling into words merely because the dailies have said all there is to say upon the subject—even more. We are afraid, however, that the distinguished visitor will not have been impressed by British taste in street decorations. Of the West End we will say nothing, but of the efforts in the City it must be remarked that, taken as a whole, the display was shabby and tawdry. The ugly streets at London's heart are, of course, not sympathetic to efforts to make them bright and gay, but if nothing better could be done than in Queen Victoria Street, for example, it would have been preferable to leave the thing alone entirely. The visit has been notable in that it revealed to the Londoner the presence of an unsuspectedly large number of French residents, and also that it afforded many persons an opportunity to work off an astonishing quantity of bad French. Take the "Tutoyons!" motto, for example. A schoolboy would be chastised for perpetrating such a howler, however well meant. The curious tri-coloured placards of a certain newspaper, also, provided another example of the desirability of leaving a thing undone if you cannot do it right.

Some theatrical managers try to elevate the stage by raising the price of admission.

The more the merrier—but this doesn't apply to troubles.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Handsome is as the dressmaker does.

When money talks everybody listens.

A silent husband sets the wife thinking.

No woman likes to be thought too good.

Some can't get on. Others get on on cant.

Many a man with a weak intellect is headstrong.

An afterthought is too late if opportunity has escaped.

Giving unsolicited advice is one way of borrowing trouble.

A jealous man convinced of his error is still a jealous man.

Most of the easy jobs in politics cost more than they are worth.

Folks who fall in love at first sight learn to believe in second sight.

Some women love to tempt men and then abuse them for being susceptible.

The seamy side of life is much like the other with the polish rubbed off.

Truth may at last prevail, but sometimes it is eclipsed by misrepresentation.



THE WASP.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

A well-known politician is having his nose re-built as the result of a "motoring accident." So *he* says. But what does the *other man* say? Has a pretty little woman hailing from Ireland anything to do with it, and wasn't the accident accomplished at her flat, and wasn't the motor her front door? Why did "Bobby" try to re-enter, having been once ejected? Isn't he a bit sick at having had his face so badly mauled?

Who was the man who visited Madame Dowding, the famous *corsetière*, with a girth measurement of forty-three inches and emerged therefrom with a twenty-six inch waist? What did the neat little chambermaid think when she found him in a semi-conscious condition in a chair in his bedroom, and what was it she did in response to his feeble:—"For God's sake, cut the strings behind!"

It is correct that several stock-brokers have recently been backing horses, for the girls in the "cosy corner" tea-shops, and are not some of them finding it an expensive amusement.

What is the name of the pretty Gaiety actress who has suddenly developed a great passion for golf, and are her repeated visits to Neasden in any way connected with one of the handsome young Arabs, appearing at the Horse Show, who is at present staying there?

Does her fiancé know anything about it and how long will she be successful in keeping the affair dark?

Is it a fact that among the pending divorces is one in which the plaintiff is considered to be the finest and most darling horsewoman in England?

Who was the actress who obtained a written proposal of marriage on the back of a menu-card, and at what price is the father of the young gentleman concerned, prepared to buy it back?

Was the man who, by an extraordinary coincidence, picked up his wife's lost purse in Piccadilly justified in opening it and reading the two little notes which it contained, and has not the incident inspired an arctic frigidity between himself and a member of the sporting club to which he belongs?

It would be interesting to know what reception the pretty little wife of a certain well-known stock-broker received when she was taken home after being located by her husband in a notorious West End resort, and exactly what he thought of the quaint yarns the five Demoiselles were telling, gathered round the table.

If great efforts are being made to avert a threatened divorce case in which a well-known Major-General is said to be involved as co-respondent? And if the petitioner is a young subaltern?

What is the nature of the business that is carried on in the ground floor flat in Finboro' Road, Fulham, and does the "exquisite" looking gentleman, so busy in the early hours amongst his pots and pans and cute little gas-stove, know what a source of interest he is to the residents upstairs, and how handy they find the balcony overlooking the ground floor windows?

Is it really his sister that the Bond Street jeweller has installed in the Ridgmount Gardens flat? And has his wife ever heard of the said "sister?"

Is the Viscountess's paste diamond necklace really so good as to deceive even her husband? And is it true that the one he gave her is in the hands of a Regent Street financier?

The nature of the films exhibited in the private cinematograph theatre, which King Alfonso has had constructed in the royal palace in Madrid? Whether it is a fact that he recently gave a very "special" entertainment to some of his gentlemen courtiers, and what the little *soubrette*, who succeeded in slipping in and hiding behind a curtain, thought of the performance?

Why has the Birmingham schoolmaster's wife left him? And had the quarrel anything to do with his attentions to the pretty nursemaid?

How did Sub-Lieutenant Prince George of Battenberg enjoy the effusive greeting of the Maori girls, and has not the pretty young thing who "threw her arms round his neck and kissed him enthusiastically on both sides of the face," even more cheek than her English sisters?

Who was the gentleman who attempted to kiss the pretty barmaid on the Margate boat the other evening? Is he known on 'Change as "Parson Joe"?

Would the Brighton bookmaker who is threatening to expose his defaulting lady-customer to her doctor husband be surprised to know that the latter knows all about it, and has been taking his share of the spoil when the lady won?

Why did the waiter at Kellner's drop several plates when he heard the beauteous chorister tell the callow youth that it was the first time she had ever dined alone in a private room with a gentleman?

Whether the gentleman had a good "wash and brush up" in the lady's bedroom in a bungalow at Maidenhead last Sunday. Whether the lady thought that she had lost the gold wrist-watch which she had carelessly left on the dressing-table, and what she thought when she subsequently discovered it under the pillow?



He (savagely): "Before I married you was there any doddering idiot gone on you?"

She: "There was one."

He: "I wish to goodness you'd married him!"

She (sweetly): "I did!"

THE ANTI-WINNING POST RACEHORSE.

In these days Mr. Kedge Kempton, the ex-trainer, of Newmarket, never gives vent to a laugh that is innocent of the "note whose haunting sadness grieves."

This is because his life was blighted by Spiltmilk, the anti-winning-post racehorse.

Kedge brought it on himself first of all by being an unreliable trainer. He was always anxious to win races for his owners, and jockeys who had backed another in the race could never throw a leg over his mounts and feel quite certain that the animal had been favoured with a bucket of water as politely requested. Kedge almost invariably caught the stableboy filling the pail, and then the jockey concerned had no option but to let the animal win in its own sweet way, for in these days of post stewards even the greatest artists find it hard to get convincingly "left."

Kedge came by Spiltmilk by accident. A clever trainer who had made it a rule to have nothing but promising losers in the stable sold him because in his home spins he seemed one that would go whether he was wanted to or not.

Kedge, when he saw Spiltmilk's form, sent for Mr. Spiffski, his principal owner, and said, "Sir, here is a horse I have bought for you for a mere song."

All sane trainers buy this class of horse for themselves. The two thousand guinea yearling that finishes the next day to the rest of his field is like some race-stands—reserved for owners only.

When Mr. Spiffski had been shown what Spiltmilk could do, and Kedge had reiterated his statement, he sent for a mental specialist.

Kedge only just missed a lunatic asylum.

"If he wins with this horse when you have backed him, Mr. Spiffski," said the specialist in grave tones, "wire me at once."

It was really very unfair to Mr. Spiffski. He had gone in for owning horses expecting to be treated like the man of money he was. He was a little hurt, perhaps, that his probably sane trainer did not want to ruin him. He began to feel that if he wished to continue to be considered a gentleman, as distinguished from an owner out to make money, he would have to change his trainer. And he did not care to do this, for he liked Kedge Kempton and only wished he could have been more dishonest.

But, in his first race, Spiltmilk, well backed by his owner, came out with a clear lead of his field, nearly reached the winning post twenty lengths ahead of his nearest attendant, and then as soon as he saw it stood still and shivered, stopping there till he became absolutely lost. He could not even be persuaded to complete the course. They had to lead him back to the paddock, past the rails of the ten shilling and half-crown rings. Here the atmosphere was so blue, and Spiltmilk so sensitive, that it is a wonder it did not turn his brown coat purple.

Inside the ring a hundred old friends congratulated Kedge on his new and clever way of diddling an owner.

They called him too modest when he stuck out for it that the whole thing was entirely without explanation to him. But not even Mr. Spiffski would credit it, and that night, believing that Kedge was going to start fleecing him at last, he felt less out of it than usual when talking about his horses with other well-robbed owners at the Turf Club.

But the business sorely puzzled Mr. Kedge Kempton. He had the horse out the next day and slipped him over the same length of course to see whether he had really stopped staying the distance very suddenly. But Spiltmilk, although his nerves must have been badly shaken, completed it without mishap. Kedge wrote about it to Mr. Spiffski: "He did it like a two-year-old."

Mr. Spiffski wired: "Don't worry. That is his age, isn't it?"

He wished to make everything easy for Kedge.

But in his next three races Spiltmilk did precisely the same thing, except that he varied it on those occasions by knocking over the rails, by rolling on his jockey, and by trying to stand on his own head.

It dawned on Mr. Kempton presently that Spiltmilk had an antipathy to winning posts. He could not think what it was. It was plain that the sight of a winning-post frightened him. Perhaps he had had a nightmare about one: perhaps in his early life a winning-post had fallen on him, or some peevish stable boy had hit him with a winning-post?

Mr. Kedge closely questioned his stable boys as to whether when out at exercise on the Heath they ever met a winning-post, or whether a new winning-post just painted and being carried up to one of the courses had ever dug itself into Spiltmilk or attacked him in any other way when he was walking on the roads.

Kempton took at last to seeing after the horse himself. He wondered whether the stable boys, squared by some evilly disposed person, stood on each other's shoulders, dressed themselves in one long robe of white, and appeared to Spiltmilk as the spoof ghost of a winning-post.

Experimenting on this theory, Mr. Kedge had taken a large photograph of a winning-post and showed it to Spiltmilk. Spiltmilk stood in his tin shoes and shivered. That night his trainer, who stayed up with him, noticed that he woke up trembling, and almost barked in his agony of apprehension. Kempton (so horsey a man that his clothes might have been cut with a chaff-cutter, as his Bond-Street-turned-out brother trainers oft sarcastically remarked) was not without a number of remedies. But nothing except something to obliterate the troubled memory of his past life would seem to do anything to Spiltmilk, and the one thing Kempton was not was a horse-hypnotist. There were too many h's in it for him.

Thus there was no alleviation of the horrible affliction, and Spiltmilk, the fastest horse in training, might as well have come over from New Zealand in the same state and refrigerator as the frozen mutton.

But Spiltmilk did win a race. It was at Newmarket, and when he was within twenty lengths of the winning-post Kempton, standing by, chopped it down with one stroke of a specially sharpened and hefty axe. Spiltmilk won in a canter; the owner of the second objected on the grounds that there was no winning-post, so there was no race, and the objection was sustained. Mr. Kempton said bitterly that the world would be better without winning-posts. Mr. R. S. S—v—r took an action against him for libel, and he was warned off the Turf for breaking all the rules of racing at once.

Months after, when in his tramp's garb he laid his weary head down to rest against a post on the road, someone said to him: "Don't you lie there, sir. That post is a warning to motorists not to go quickly. They always start racing there. I remember just how those chauffeurs used to take a delight in frightening your horse Spiltmilk on this very spot."

Mr. Kempton looked up. He saw that it was precisely like a winning-post.

He sighed. He knew the solution of the whole thing now. To go quickly on viewing a post of that description, Spiltmilk should have been born a motor-car.

BERNARD MACKLIN.

MISTAKES COMPETITION.

We rather pride ourselves upon the carefulness of our proof-reading and on the immunity of our columns from typographical blemishes. Nobody, however, is infallible, and accidents will happen even in the best regulated of journals. As a punishment for our sins we shall give each week to the reader who first points out a "literal" typographical error in our literary columns, i.e., barring advertisements and competitions. All you have to do is to write down the number of the page, column and line in which the "literal" occurs (e.g., p. 31, col. 2, line 63), and sign your name and address and mark your postcard "Literal." To give distant readers a fair chance all postcards will be put aside until Wednesday noon, and the first one handled by the Editor will receive the 5s. Commas, full stops, etc., are debarred, as punctuation is largely a matter of individual taste. Current issue only, of course. If the paper contains no "literals" 10s. will be sent to the first reader (as above) acquainting us with that fact.

Last week's prize goes to

GUNNER Mac CORMACK,
129th Battery, R.F.A.,
Bulford Camp, WILTS.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Mrs. Stradling: Good Lord, if it isn't Mrs. Nibbs. Come in. I am that pleased to see yer. 'Ave a cup o' tea?
Mrs. Nibbs (disappointed): Well, I should 'a thought as you'd a bin more pleased than *that*!

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Robby: I think I like you better than any of the other fellows that come to see sister.
Percy: I'm pleased to hear it, Robby. Why do you like me the best?

Robby: Because sis always lets me stay around and hear what you say.

"Rock-a-bye, baby!" cooed the fond nurse to the new girl baby.

"Desist!" commanded the infant imperiously, "I am well aware that the vibration of the atmosphere would cause a cradle suspended in a tree-top to oscillate! What ever will you want to teach me next?"

A militant in embryo, evidently!

That wonderful personage, the Duke of Orleans, happened to be staying at a prominent inland watering place when a world-famous actress was billed to pay a "tying visit." Being an old fancy of the Duke's, he called on her at her hotel. Asking for her by her title, he was informed that she had just gone to the theatre to transact a little business. "Will you telephone and tell her that the Duke of Orleans is here," he said. The girl took up the receiver, and after a few moments the famous actress was "holding the wire." "Is that you, madam," said the respectful office girl, "the Duke of Orleans is here waiting to see you." The answer was prompt and to the point. "Damn him, let him wait!"



ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

The Reverend: "But, my dear friend, what good do you get from the use of all this shoe in profanity?"
The Ribald: "Strike me purple! D'you coves want to make a matter uv profit and blanky lorse out er everything?"
—*Sydney Bulletin*.



"What! You strike women now, do you?"
"Well, she would play at fathers and mothers, so of course I had to 'biff' her."—*Journal Amusant*.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

Crawford: How do you know our daughter and her young man haven't made up their quarrel yet?

Mrs. Crawford: Because the gas has been turned up high all the evening.

Hobbs: So you've struck it rich and are now able to keep several servants?

Dobbs: Alas, no—only to hire them.—*Boston Transcript*.

NEEDLESS EXPENSE.

"Father," asked the girl who was going to marry a poor man, "do you think I ought to take a course in household economics? They offer a lovely one at Briny Moore for three hundred dollars."

"No," replied pater grimly. "You will get one for nothing after you are married."—*Judge*.

EXPLAINED.

"Pa, why is it that dentists call their offices dental parlours?"

"Because they are drawing-rooms, my son."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

AN EXHIBITION.

"Have you seen Mamie's engagement ring?"

"Of course! Did you have an idea that she was making an effort to hide it?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE BORROWER.

"Jones strikes me as a very promising young man."

"He strikes me that way, too; but he never pays it back."—*Californian Pelican*.

Master of the House: See here, Mary Ann, where's my dinner?

Slavey: Their ain't agoin' to be no dinner, if you please, sir.

"What's that! No dinner?"

"No, sir. The missus came 'ome from jail this afternoon, an' ate up heverythink in th' 'ouse!"—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

He: Do you feel very wicked now that you have tried the new dance?

She: Well, I feel more danced against than dancing.—*Life*.

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

The reason why Mr. S., of O. Square, protested so strongly to the local council on the size of the tree that shaded his windows so nicely; and if the cutting down had anything to do with the apartments of the racy little Duchesse opposite.

If one of the officials at Vine Street Station was sincere when he remarked that his reminiscences there of certain scions of the aristocracy would make "History."

If it is true the Bishop of London is open to give advice in a weekly column of a ladies' paper, under the heading, "Family Affairs."

If Christabel is not really clever, and if it was really true she looked such an amiable old gentleman at the spectacular funeral?

Pretty women are indiscreet creatures who cannot keep themselves to themselves.

There is no truth in the cruel statement that the large majority of suffragettes are in receipt of old-age pensions.

The art of living is in knowing that everything in this world has a price—especially a favour—and if one is not prepared to pay, one should promptly turn the other way.

A weekly contemporary for ladies suggests a competition for the best essay on "How I met my husband." Much more interesting would be the version of "How I caught him meeting the other girl."

It is said that a woman holds a man within the hollow of her hand. This may account for her marvellous ability to palm off any old yarn on him.

Why the little chorus girl at Daly's wears only *one* earring. Would she care to tell her friends where the other is?

Sir Isaac Newton's nephew was a clergyman, we read, but differed from the ordinary run of clergymen in that he always resolutely refused to accept any fee for performing the marriage ceremony. No doubt he considered he had done the couple quite enough harm as it was.

The name of the well-known singer who recently said: "To succeed in music a woman must either be of easy virtue, or appear to be." And which was the secret of her success?

Why two well-known society women, formerly bosom friends, are now so conspicuously cutting each other? Has a pearl necklace anything to do with it, and was it promised

to one and then given to the other? And what the foreign royalty thinks of himself now?

Who was the sportsman who forgot to lock the bathroom door at the hotel in the Strand, where he has been staying lately? And what he felt like when the handle was turned quietly and a portly dame half entered, and then drew back shrieking: "Gott in Himmel!" For our part we think she paid him the highest possible compliment. What more could any man want?

The identity of the man who referred to Lady Constance Stewart Richardson as a "*passée* old woman," adding that he'd "seen lots doing her job much better and for far less money." Well, so have we!

Whether Her Serene Highness, formerly the daughter of an English gentleman, who prides herself on her un-conventionality, noticed the blush that mounted up to the very roots of the hotel manager's hair when she met him in the lounge of the West End hotel and enquired whether he could oblige her with a pin, adding, "It's for my bags, they're coming down!"

That Providence seems bent on being cussed sometimes. That Lady Anglesey was a bit disappointed as regards the sex of the new arrival. Naturally! Well, better luck next time!

That a death at the opportune moment in a very highly placed family seemed a sort of godsend in one direction. Otherwise it might have looked as if the noble lady was taking a compulsory retirement. As it is, however, the gossips are anything but quiet. As a matter of fact, their tongues are going stronger than ever; and the peeress has a most wonderful way of finding out exactly what people are saying about her. A good old English family servant wants a lot of bearing in some respects.

What is the meaning of the word "Kito?" Try a few *private* cinema shows mainly given in private houses not so very far from Piccadilly Circus. You might find out.

The name of the young man who on entering a cheap restaurant in Soho, and meeting a friend unexpectedly, said by way of explaining his presence, "I've been dining at such annoyingly swaggy places for the past month that it's quite a treat to come to a cheap shop like this, don't you know." What the waiter thought as he recognised the face of the regular diner? Has this young swanker a brother in the Guards, and have they both forgotten a tiny public house in Mullingar, where an ambitious little woman slaved her fingers to the bone in order to save money to elevate her two offspring to the level of the *bon tons*?

If it is true that the Queen was very much displeased with some of the "daring" costumes seen in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot? And if the wearers will be admitted to future Court functions?



"They say these skirts make women look shorter."
"They make men look longer, anyway."

of the artist who is waiting to give Mr. C. the distinguished novelist, "a punch under the chin" for portraying him in one of his books in anything but a flattering role. And in the event of a scrimmage would you put your money on?

Prince George of Battenberg wishes there hadn't been many people about when the pretty Maori girl embraced

the name of the stage-struck curate who went up for a trial at Daly's Theatre? And if he can preach better than he can sing?

Whether the baby who was struck by a ball at a Crickle- d cricket match acknowledged the attention with her sort of bawl?

the name of the young blood who entertained a party of friends at a fashionable restaurant the other evening, and by means of an ingenious "telephone" trick succeeded in clearing off without settling the bill? And whether his guests were aware of the manoeuvre?

Whether it is a fact that a profligate member of the House of Commons who took to waiting in a restaurant to procure a living had to be discharged because the sight of him drove away the wealthy patrons to whom he owed money?

Whether the new book called "The Broken Bell" rings

whether it is true that every woman has her price except the one who gives herself away?

Whether a good number of our most imposing ancestral portraits do not owe their existence to ancestral hauls?

Whether the talk about the "degeneration of the Terri- fied" is all "rank" nonsense?

Whether Portsmouth is full of rumours of a sensational naval court-martial?

Whether the new play, "The Cage," will manage to outshine the old play, "Joseph and his Brethren"?

Whether the new play, "The Cage," will manage to outshine the old play, "Joseph and his Brethren"?

Whether the latest French bathing costume is composed of a skin-pink net, finished off with a scarlet band, and whether the high tied will be especially noticeable at low tide?



"Daddy, Daddy!"



Fashion's Freaks in Caricature : 3. The Slash.

Whether the person who advocates "soapsuds as a beverage" does so on account of the superiority of the froth, and whether there would not be a good deal of "foaming at the mouth" were such a drink to become popular?

Whether the cabman who claims the Tyrrell baronetcy is doing so on the strength of his "rank"?

Whether there is any exaggeration in the statement that the King's handshake with President Poincaré lasted for nearly a minute?

Whether John William Griffith, the oldest living authority on Cheddar cheese, may be described as a "mity" veteran?

How the modern Cinderella who lost her shoe in Piccadilly, liked hopping across the road on one leg? Whether the shoe was eventually returned by some admiring "prince" and whether the little episode ended as happily as the fairy tale?

Whether the young American lady who was introduced to a very exalted personage at the Richmond Horse Show less than five minutes after she had severely snubbed him under the impression that he was a waiter isn't just about wild with herself? Whether it is a fact that she has been angling to make this particular gentleman's acquaintance for some months past, and what "mamra" thinks of the *bêtise*?

What the man, fined at the Bromley court for being drunk, meant by replying that "he knew he was a little intoxicated, having eaten half a pint of shrimps"?

Whether cigar-smoking women have seriously decided to "pay the piper"?

Whether the "blushing bride of 87" was congratulated on her blooming cheek?

Whether the Suffragette who made an escape from a hostile mob over the roof of the Inland Revenue Office, deserves a good "slating"?

Whether Lieutenant Robert de Montalivet, who died from a bite on the lip by a fly, was expiating previous "flighty" adventures?

Whether the pearl, said to have been discovered in a garden, was only a "plant"?

TABLOID TOPICS.

A mummy has been seized for a debt. A rather curious way of raising "the dust!"

The restrictions of a hobble skirt do not necessarily prevent a woman from being fast.

An L.C.C. clerk named Stiff has been ordered to pay £50 damages for breach of promise. Both "stiff" and a non-starter!

Don't work after seven o'clock, says Sir J. Crichton-Browne. If the gent means A.M. we agree, add Tired Tim and Weary Willie.

"I plead guilty to being drunk on counsel's advice," said a prisoner at Highgate. The exuberance of somebody else's verbosity this time!

The cab-horse that entered the concert hall at Spandau and smashed every instrument but the kettledrum, evidently had a discriminating, if noisy, ear for music.

"Lord Hunter granted a divorce, with *aliment* at £50 a year." (*Evening News* report of McCall case). The term is unfamiliar—it is mon(e)y that's me(a)nt.

"Down Hoes" strike, runs a *Daily Mirror* heading apropos of the Lancashire farm labourers. By suspending work they hope to make the masters pull up their socks.

They manage things more practically in Ireland. On a hint from the Bench an accused man returned a coat and vest, and was then promptly acquitted of stealing the same.

"Put out the Lord Provost," shouted the Glasgow students. And they proceeded to enforce their commands by the aid of syphons of soda-water. Surely plain water would have done as well.

Coincidentally with the opening at Willesden of a "Babies' Welcome," the celebrated pair of storks at Kew Gardens have deserted their eggs. Getting ready for a rush of business, no doubt.

"The man had 5s. concealed in a purse," said a policeman giving evidence at a police-court the other day. With diabolical cunning the hardened villain had also secreted his hands in his pockets and hidden his feet in boots.

The Postmaster-General has rejected the suggestion, made by a sympathetic M.P., that postmen should be provided with straw hats and khaki jackets for the warm weather. He evidently considers the present costume well up to the knocker.

The monks of the great monastery of St. Michael, near Maikop, Russia, have gone on strike because the abbot will not allow them to wear trousers during the cold weather. Quite natural, too! In scanty attire even a monk mai-kop cold in winter.

The Government fishery authorities at Berlin have issued a public appeal in favour of German oysters, which are said to be as delicious as the English or Dutch variety. If the German paterfamilias doesn't like them it is hoped he will find them a place in the son.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., advocates the institution of more than one degree of murder. Whether done in cold or hot blood, murder is carrying a little disagreement more than a degree too far.

Two models of the cathedral of Gouda, made of cheese, have been sent to the Ghent Exhibition. What cheese has got to do with a cathedral is not quite clear, except that there is a see (C) in each!

An enthusiastic collector of curios, he married many years ago a daughter of an American pioneer missionary in South Africa named Lindley, after whom the town of that name in the Orange River Colony is called.—*Johannesburg Sunday Post*.

Nowadays, we believe, quite passable people go out as missionaries, and their children are scarcely distinguishable from the ordinary kind.

WHAT THE EYE SEES.

One of my numerous and entirely unnecessary, lately died, leaving me the nucleus of an art collection which would, no doubt, in time, have reached a considerable magnitude—had the local art dealers been able to find whereabouts. I was informed that he had won it in a raffle.

It was entitled "Sunrise in the Vale of Scotland" (I have looked for this place in an atlas and find it nowhere on earth. It certainly looks like it.)

As it was the only place where it would be possible to carry the painting to the office and commence hanging it to the wall; but it is not nice to hit your thumb with a hammer. After I had done so, I instructed the office to do the needful, but to my anger, he nailed the work horizontally instead of vertically. I knew he had done so because the title was the wrong way up. Reprimanded the youth severely, I told him that smartness and common sense were essential in this office, and pointed out the absurdity of a sun rising in the West.

"But I thought it was a cow," said the youth.

I looked at him, then at the picture, and at the title. I generally choose the lesser, I thought.

"I beg your pardon?" I remarked indignantly.

"I thought it was a cow, sir," he said, looking at the picture.

Come to think of it, it was like a cow. Why, course! A dun cow on a barren heath, though earth it was doing there, I know not.

I obliterated the youth with a look of such title of the picture with a fountain pen.

Johnston called. Everybody knows. Johnston, that the picture should stand on its own merits.

Johnston called. Everybody knows. Johnston, chap who should be put down in the list. I cried, slapping me vigorously on the back.

you had artistic leanings. "Bringing in the eh?"

"What?" I gasped.

"It's a hay-making scene, isn't it?" he said.

are the haystacks an' all that, are they not?"

Come to think of it, it did look like a hay-making scene. There were the hay-stacks, an' all that, and there were the fellows making hay.

When Johnston cheered my heart by his ringing call.

"O, you are a gay dog!" he said, looking at me.

"Venus at Bath," eh?"

"Venus at the Bath?" I croaked.

"Yes; that's Venus in her deshabelle, is it not?"

I was stupified by the intelligence.

Then Macfarlane put in an appearance.

those fellows who knows things—reads those "Things You Ought to Know" in our evening paper. He can tell you how many peas it would take, if possible, to reach the moon; and can answer questions about a train going at sixty miles an hour takes three hours to reach Crewe from some other place, and at the first stop ten minutes three passengers and a bag of potatoes get in, and at the next station two passengers get out and three men and a dog get in, what is the name of the engine-driver? One of those fellows.

"Ah, ha!" he said. "Pretty little picture that you got. A Rubens?"

"I believe not," I said thankfully.

"Do you know," I continued, laughing nervously, "men I know don't seem able to tell what the picture is. I sent it to the National Gallery with my compliments."

laughing.

He joined me, and then—

"Absurd!" he said.

"Isn't it? It's quite obvious."

"Oh, quite, quite," he said cautiously.

"Of course . . . By the way, what do you think of it?"

"It's a—it's—I'll bet it's a Sunset or a Sunrise," he said pugnaciously.

I almost wept in my gratitude, and I seized and held his hands fervently. So I was right, and the honour of the artist was vindicated. Macfarlane borrowed a carriage while I was in a state of coma, and when I awoke my senses, he was gone.

This was too much.

I rang the bell. "Simpson," I said sternly to the

missionaire who answered it. "Take that picture and send it to the National Gallery with my compliments."

ERIC DE BAZZ



Californian The SYLARKS waiting for passengers



Arrival of a Sunday excursion



The Pavilion



More Lovers



"Ere you are, Sir. No one to interfere with you in the ocean, Sir."



The Beach and Cliffs Rottingdean

Brighton

(London-by-the-sea)

Sydney Childs

IN STAGELAND.

Mrs. Martin Harvey (Miss N. de Silva) is not playing in "The Faun" at the Prince of Wales. It will, however, mitigate the shock to those who have for so many years known her as her husband's leading lady in all his productions, to learn that in "Aurora's Captive," which now precedes "The Faun" at all performances, Miss de Silva executes a character sketch which is a veritable dramatic jewel.

"War in the Air" at the Palladium is a very excellent proposition gone entirely wrong! It is to be pulled together for this week, and will, I believe, be an extremely virile show, with the patriotic dramatic situations more adequately emphasised and stage managed. At the worst it has given us a new little actress of worth in Eileen Jowett, hitherto one of Stedman's dancing successes.

In the intricate mazes of an agent's business routine I suppose there must be ample scope for error, but it really is quite difficult to understand to what extent Willard Hutchinson's billing at the Victoria Palace last week was the result of error.

Beyond the incomparable Beatie and Babs, there was nothing at all to prevent him occupying even the head of the bill, and the reason for his comparative extinction may perhaps be found in the well-deserved contempt that many of his fellow-Americans have earned for the bulk of Yank acts. He is a brilliant exception, anyway—so do let us have moderation in all things. One would not

"J'ADORE CA," AT THE NEW MIDDLESEX.



THE AGENT (M. FORTUNE, CADET) AND THE BANDITS' VICTIM (Mlle. Dormeuil).

Bill Sarah Bernhardt next to the Bioscope because some of her compatriots from, shall we say, "J'Adore Ca," had obtained individual contracts.

A couple of gentlemen billed as "America's foremost black-faced comedians" received the bird at a very big hall last Monday on their first appearance. Can any dear theatrical friend oblige me with a parallel to the beautifully expressive political phrase, "The swing of the pendulum"? Dear friends, I believe the worm has turned!

Seymour Hicks, who left "All the Winners" last week, is to produce a new version of "David Garrick" for the provinces. This will, indeed, suit him very much better. I had thought from the beginning that he was unable to thoroughly reconcile himself to his environment at the Empire, apart from the fact that his lines were so strikingly poor.

When I recollect his performance as Richard III. at the Coliseum, when he was so unkindly "clocked" and

his prosecution procured by a fellow-manager of variety procedure under the old sketch time—I had hoped we had secured another recruit to the circle of efficient Shakespearian exponents. The productions were healthy enough then: why not start a sure winner? Henry V. would fit his personal a glove. Better than any, the "Gay Gordons" reproduced. In any event, revue for Seymour is a waste of time and talent.

It is alleged that English contracts have been for a new ballet from the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg, in which there is some unspeakable "business" conducted on the old nymph and faun lines. There are some of us waiting up for it! The continentalisation of our stage has gone quite as far as is desirable. I am notifying Colonel Cavage, who has done very good suppression work for the L.C.C., of all information as I receive it.

A thousand welcomes back to Miss Cecilia Loftus, the Mime that Matters. She has enjoyed phenomenally successful seasons at U.S.A., and I suppose we shall see her at the Coliseum first after a short holiday here.

Will my professional readers please note that "The Era" will be published mid-week at 1d. instead of 3d., as formerly. The alteration comes into effect on Wednesday, July 9th.

Tagg's Island has been transformed absolutely by Mr. Fred Karno. It is estimated by some (journalistic mathematics relating to theatrical finance are every bit as accurate as the very newest American golf yarns, don't you think?) that £140,000 has been spent on its reconstruction; this is so, I congratulate Mr. Karno on previous record. No such sum of money has ever been made by bad acting. Nevertheless, you can get a wonderful day at the Karsino. Try it! W. R.

THE MUFF AND THE (Mlle. Dormeuil).



Mlle. FERNANDE DIAMANT IN "LA DANSE DE LA PIERRE".



Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

NO. 9 (NEW SERIES):

THE STRANGE LIFE STORY OF GRACE DALRYMPLE,
THE MISTRESS OF KING GEORGE IV. AND THE
DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Grace Dalrymple's Daughter.

Grace Dalrymple, hard by King's Cross, has seen some of its altars during the last two centuries. There were Grace Dalrymple and an old woman, Grace was the fairest flower who grew for "London town." Tall and slender, with a complexion whose roseate purity was added to her remarkable features by one of the most ancient families of the north. Her father was a cadet of the noble family of Dalrymple, which has produced many quaint characters. Her mother was a daughter of a peer, and having a large patrimony from his sire, and having squandered it in the army, and being faced with the necessity of living, he took to the Scottish Bar, and made a precarious livelihood as an advocate in the most blood of the Dalrymples was in London. He was forced by his reckless life to quit the city and start afresh in London. His wild ways and the austere inhabitants of Edinburgh were not to his taste.

He kept him from a convent for a time, but he was unchanged, and not until the return from the Flemish convent where her mother did Hew Dalrymple return to ways of the world. Hew Dalrymple was now sixteen years old, and as graceful as Venus," to quote one of her admirers. Her temperament was an extremely lively one. She knew perfectly how best to display her advantages. Amongst the lovers who were devoted to her was the old Doctor Elliott, who, after his devotion to his profession, had amassed a fortune. With the ready assistance of Hew Dalrymple he arranged his marriage with Grace, and the marriage which the alliance held out for her was not to be led to the altar at St. Martin's. He had not got over their honeymoon, and he had begun sincerely to regret his hasty marriage. He was such a dandy did Grace allow her husband that he soon resigned himself to an excuse to sever the unlucky bond. He was long in coming.

Grace and Curses.

One of the early days of King George III. was the eighth Viscount Valentia, who became the eighth Viscount Valentia. Whether Arthur Annesley it was Grace Dalrymple from the path of virtue. Valentia was certainly he who introduced her into the world. For long had been the object of Grace's noble blackguard," as Lord Valentia has gone on to say. He set Grace's blood tingling with the excitement of Society," and as the Annesleys to this day are close to the throne, it was not long that the discovery of Grace's *liaison* with Valentia finally made her once again a free woman. Valentia had followed Grace during one of her visits about the town, and having arrived at the house of the young Irish peer and Grace in the room, he asked the guilty couple to his Lordship's room, where she remained two hours, the

Doctor promptly turned her out of his house, and Grace went forth breathing vengeance and curses.

Lord Valentia soon tired of his pretty wanton, and having trotted her round until another beau could be found to relieve him of his burden, he finally resigned Grace Elliott to Lord Cholmondeley, and to his Lordship's credit be it said, he stood by Grace through many vicissitudes for years. The carryings-on of Lord Cholmondeley and his fascinating mistress were freely chronicled in the newspapers of the day, but his Lordship was violently in love, and there is no doubt he promised a marriage. Lord Cholmondeley was the Hercules of the Peerage, a noted athlete, very rich, and a great *parti*. He installed Grace in his town house in Piccadilly, took her everywhere, had Gainsborough to paint her portrait, also Cosway, the famous miniaturist, and the picture by Gainsborough may still be seen at Cholmondeley Castle, in Cheshire. It was, however, Cosway's miniature of Grace which first attracted the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.). No sooner did His Royal Highness set eyes upon the picture than he determined to possess her.

A Queen of the Bois de Boulogne.

Ere this happened, however, Grace for three-and-a-half years enjoyed endless delights as Society's prime "light o' love." Lord Cholmondeley could not give her enough. No rout was complete without her, and daily she was the object of intense admiration and envy as she drove through the park in the coronetted coaches of the Lord of Cholmondeley Castle. But there were more exciting times in store for Grace Elliott even than as the gayest mistress in London Town. A "split" with Lord Cholmondeley occasioned a crisis in Grace's life, and, in a moment of dudgeon she went off to Paris, determined to have a "great time." And she had it. In those days the French royalties were very familiar figures in London, and she had already captivated the Comte D'Artois, the brother of the French King, while she was living under the protection of Lord Cholmondeley. To the Comte Grace at once went, upon her arrival in Paris, and ere long she was queening it in the French capital as completely as she had done in London. When the Comte d'Artois tired of Grace (all her lovers got "the pip" in due course) he simply turned Grace over to his cousin, the Duc de Chartres, and the lady found herself none the worse off. Some women are like that!

George IV. and Grace Dalrymple's Child

However, there is no woman whose heart is incapable of one sincere and tender passion, however misplaced it may be. And, fool though he was, it was my lord Cholmondeley who had sent the real shaft into the heart of Grace Dalrymple. The English earl held his place in the vagrant fancy of Grace Dalrymple through all her adventures with French royalties, and the time came when, sick of France and its Parisian eccentricities, bored to death with affected Orleans dukes, and longing to be pressed once again to the breast of her impressionable Lord from Cheshire, Grace was back in London, where she threw herself into Lord Cholmondeley's arms, and his Lordship's family pride having been appeased, he replaced her once again at the head of his establishment, and offered her the love for which her heart had yearned during those delirious but disappointing years in Paris. It was not long after this that the sensational incident occurred which made the name of Grace Dalrymple famous throughout the land. Lord Cholmondeley came of a family which provides the Royal service with its Lord Great Chamberlains, who are in attendance upon the Sovereign, and immediately upon Grace's return she was re-introduced to the Prince of Wales, who had so admired her portrait by Cosway.

The Prince at once arranged to take over Grace from Lord Cholmondeley, and a few months later the lady informed the Prince that she was about to present him with an heir. The future King George IV. didn't mind that, of course, and he so far entered into the plan as to consent to fathering the infant, and the day came when he was taken to see his child by Grace Dalrymple. When His Royal Highness gazed upon the child, which had very dark hair, while he was a man of albino fairness, he exclaimed: "To convince me that this is my girl they must first prove that black is white!" Obviously the Prince was not deceived about the paternity of the child, and there is no doubt that it belonged to Lord Cholmondeley, who came of a dark-haired family, as they are to this day. However, King George was never remorseless in the matter of money with the ladies who pleased him, and he at once ordered Grace to receive a handsome pension, and to be allowed to christen her child "Georgina Augusta Frederica Seymour." Anyway, the child was immediately adopted by the Cholmondeley family, and was brought up by them as one of their own.

Grace Again Back in Paris.

But Grace Dalrymple, even for a daughter of pleasure, could not "go straight." Slowly she exhausted the patience even of the man who loved her best, and ere long a breach occurred with Lord Cholmondeley, which was destined to estrange them for ever. When the climax came, Grace once more returned to Paris, and renewed her old association with the Duc de Chartres, with whom she was destined to pass some adventurous years, until the French Revolution began to rumble heavily through the land. The Duc de Chartres was the least attractive man who ever wore Royal honours. He was pimply of face, with fishy eyes, and an ungainly form, but his affection for Grace seems to have been unusually keen, and for years she played the rôle of despot at the Palais Royal, with the effrontery born of a triumphant possession of the favours of its lord. Nothing, however, survived the Revolution, and Grace Dalrymple was fated to bear its miseries with the rest. Of this part of her amazing career she has herself narrated in her book, the "Journal of my Life during the French Revolution."

Grace Dalrymple in the Dungeons of St. Pelagie.

When the storm broke, Grace and duke were enjoying a little respite from the gaieties of the capital at the Duke's château of Raincy. Quickly the duke (who had now succeeded to the position of heir to the French throne), hurried back to Paris in fear and trembling, nor were his evil anticipations doomed to disappointment. No sooner had they arrived, than they found

themselves in the thick of the slaughter which many weeks. The Duc de Chartres went into the blood of the Revolution. Many a Royal and distinguished head was carried through Paris upon the top of a pike, and some time she managed to evade molestation, and eventually located her. She was seized and taken to the dungeons of St. Pelagie, where she endured a filthy cell, only to be released in order that she had to go to a worse place of incarceration. She had to try time, even for Grace Dalrymple!

Grace Dalrymple's Heroism on Behalf of a Friend.

Before this occurred, however, Grace Dalrymple had had many remarkable experiences as a witness of the French Revolution. Among her old-time French friends was the Marquis de Champcenetz, who was the first to become a prey to the malevolence of the Revolution. From pillar to post the Marquis was hunted, until he sought the hospitality of Grace Dalrymple. He begged her to save him from death for her to have been discovered as his successor, he begged her to save him from death for her to have been discovered as his successor, he begged her to save him from death for her to have been discovered as his successor.

With the calm of a woman accustomed to every emergency, Grace quickly drew forth two sheets, leaving a space where the quivering Marquis could hide himself. Grace at once also took two sheets, and a servant to admit the Marquis, covered her face with a cloth, only to be rudely awakened by a sudden and ugly rush of soldiers. Bloodthirsty goblins they were Frenchmen, and even their harshness was softened by the pretty spectacle which met their eyes. At the raucous voices Grace affected to be startled, and slowly throwing aside the bedclothes, sleepily looking up at this uncouth intrusion upon a lady's privacy. The rabble, in the presence of such innocence, grew sheepish, and protested that they had retired. When they had retired, Grace drew the Marquis from his side of the bed, and while he protested his life-long gratitude to Grace for saving him, she quickly prepared plans for securing his safe flight to the shores of England.

Next Week:

THE STRANGE STORY OF MRS. BRACEGIRDLE THE ACTRESS.

BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER

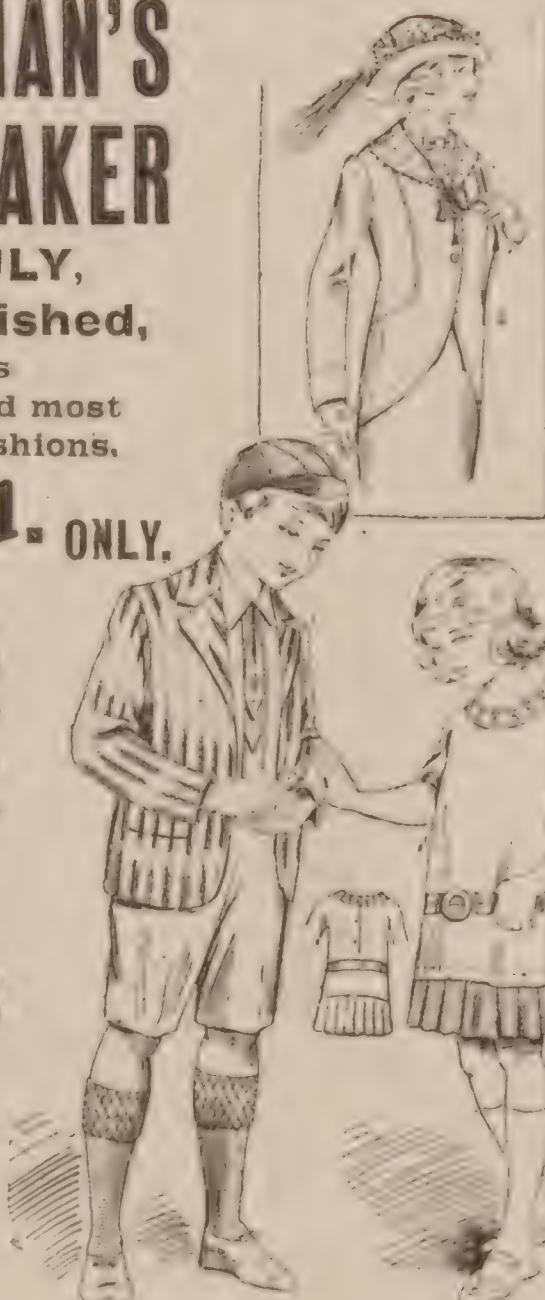
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MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN

LAWN TENNIS.

Lawn Tennis is the all-important subject in the out-door sport of the present moment. It is a great game for those who have been, and never will be, a great tennis player, and it can never be expected to attract a large number of players. There is excitement in the matter of the Cup competition has provided some of the best tennis writing. The concluding tie in the Cup was brought to a close at Queen's College, Canada proving their prowess over South Africa. The American and Australian teams playing in the Australasians won only one game, and the Australians were seen in Wiesbaden, where Germany vanquished the Republics also winning only one game. Curiously, the Canadians could only claim one match over Canada. Un- doubtedly a big experience of R. B. Powell had much to do with the wonderful practice of the game in England his continued advantage. If Powell had been a right-handed player it would have been the thorn in the side of his opponents. R. F. Powell never showed his best form in the Davis Cup competi- tion, and after opening unsatisfactorily there was just a chance that he would beat Powell. Temperament is a necessary quality, and it must be argued that the Davis Cup was too important for him. Still, the Davis Cup will not only do him good, but on his country his association with players of high standing will have got over his nervous inclina- tion. In the Lawn Tennis championships he showed which he possessed in South Africa. The Davis Cup has been noted before, he very nearly beat

UNIVERSITY SPORT.

During the last year at Oxford and Cambridge a pretty substantial majority of wins in the Inter-Varsity Sailing match, and in Polo, the reading to: Cambridge, 11 wins; Oxford, 9. The Inter-Varsity Polo match was played at the Saturday's meeting was the thirty-fourth since 1878, and each Varsity has now won some polo training, next season. Oxford was to win, but it was anticipated that as exciting a goal of eleven. The Oxonians, however, scored the five goals by the Cantabs. The swimming competition is not back to 1892, and since then Cambridge has won six matches to the three of Oxford. One of the six years ago the Oxonians drew with Cam- bridge, and there have been six drawn matches. Swimming is not at least as a sport, but of course the Isis and the Bath Club nowadays. The Varsity cricket match—Oxford has undergone certain changes. Early in the season the Light Blues made themselves favourites, but fancy that the whole thing is a very open matter. The winning of the toss, and so much may be said. Oxford seem to have the pull. It is that Oxford and Cambridge cricketers, disposition towards nerves when appearing in matches against counties and other teams, invariably when they appear at Lord's in the annual Varsity match. The Varsity match is the greatest test of the two teams will ever take part in. The Oxford team is that so many places have

already been given, but the Hon. H. G. Mulholland has a rather greater difficulty in getting his eleven men together than is the case with the Oxford captain, I. P. F. Campbell.

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

Of the 269 aspirants to the honour of annexing the "blue riband" of the links, 65 were able to survive the qualifying rounds. There was a time when the qualifying round scores counted in the grand aggregate towards the final championship, but then it was discovered that the conditions for playing golf were so variable during the qualifying days, that it was decided to start afresh, and so only the four rounds played on Monday and Tuesday had a bearing on the competition. When the championship was first played at Hoylake the course measured three and a half miles, but it has been lengthened, and this year's competitors have had to go over a course a quarter of a mile, or nearly so, longer. The longest hole is at the sixteenth, where the lake appears, and that is 510 yards long. The shortest is the road hole, which is the fourth, and that is 155 yards. There are nine holes measuring 400 yards and more.

In looking through the names of the twenty players, and of those who tied with the twentieth player during the qualifying stages, it is worthy of comment that the twentieth man in the first section was only seven strokes behind the man who finished first, while in the second section the twentieth man was nine strokes behind Edward Blackwell, who put together the lowest score—147—in the qualifying stages. In the third section, Claudin of Alwoodley led with 148, with C. Ralph Smith of West Middlesex 157 twentieth with five others. What a single lost stroke means in a golf championship! So it is in every game. A lost run at cricket, a lost ace at lawn tennis, and so on and so on. But with golf, there is something uncanny in the matter of a lost stroke, and although a putt misses its home by the fraction of an inch, a championship might easily hang on it.

It was an Englishman who won the Amateur Golf Champion- ship, and in J. H. Taylor we have an Englishman as winner of the Open Championship. The victor was born at Northam in North Devon in 1871 and he is now 42 years of age. It was in 1894 that Taylor won the Open Championship for the first time at Sandwich. At St. Andrew's in the following year he was again successful, while in 1896 it was in playing off a tie with Harry Vardon at Muirfield that he failed to win a third time in succession. At Muirfield again, in 1900, a third victory was obtained by Taylor, and at Deal in 1909 a score of 295 gave him his fourth victory. Lately, "J. H." has not been in good form, and he was never expected to win at Hoylake. The



"Let yerself go limp, Bill. Let yerself go limp!"

Devonian has saved his good name with his fifth victory, and with conditions as difficult as could well be imagined his latest success must take precedence of previous victories. Two of the famous Triumvirate occupy leading places in the first three, Ted Ray, last year's champion, coming second. Moran, who came fourth, actually took ten strokes at the first hole on Tuesday, and several ordinary golfers remarked that it was almost appetising to see a top-notch doing the same things as they do themselves. J. J. McDermott, the present and only native-born American Open Champion, was fifth, and he gives promise of running the British golfers much closer as time goes on. The aggregate scores of the leading players were:—Taylor, 304; Ray, 312; Harry Vardon, 313; and Moran 313. Arnaud Massy, who was the last prize-winner, was number ten, and his strokes totalled 317. Thus, it will be seen that J. H. Taylor, the popular professional at the Mid-Surrey course, was comparatively an easy winner.

INTERESTING CRICKET.

At the time of writing, the two most interesting topics in the cricket world both have reference to Kent. Their victory over Warwickshire stands out as the event of the season. Remembering that Kent were 156 runs in arrears with six wickets in hand, and that the Hoppers lost the remaining six wickets for the addition of 28 runs, and were thus 130 runs behind, it was easily conceivable that Kent were in a very bad way. Then Blythe and Woolley got rid of the 1911 champions for 16. So low a score is extraordinary, but the two Kentish left-handers had a wicket just to their liking. The bowling, however, was positively superb. Blythe has always been a great bowler, but when Woolley first came into prominence it was anticipated that it would be in batting that he would shine. There have now been ten instances of a first-class side being put out for sixteen runs or under, and reference can be made to "Wisden" for the full particulars. Blythe and Woolley each took five wickets for 8 runs, and the pair have previously done bowling wonders in company, but never have they triumphed more greatly than against Warwick. Here are some of the finest bowling performances of the two Kent left-handers, when sharing the bowling together:—

1910.—At Canterbury against Gloucester, Blythe took 6 for 25 and Woolley 4 for 31. Gloucester all out for 55.

1911.—At Canterbury against Yorkshire, Blythe 5 for 35 and Woolley 5 for 39. Yorkshire all out for 75.

1912.—At Gravesend against Somerset, Blythe 6 for 31 and Woolley 4 for 40. Somerset made 75.

1912.—At Nottingham against Notts., Blythe 4 for 22, Woolley 6 for 21. Notts. all out for 47.

1912.—At Leicester against Leicestershire, Blythe 7 for 9, Woolley 3 for 15. Leicester were all out for 25.

1912.—At Catford against Worcestershire, Blythe 5 for 39, Woolley 5 for 30. Worcestershire made 74.

1912.—At Gravesend against Essex, Blythe 3 for 61, Woolley 7 for 25. Essex made 89.

1912.—At Canterbury, against Notts, Blythe, 11 for 55, Woolley 9 for 58. Notts. were dismissed for 58 and 58.

1913.—At Stourbridge against Worcestershire, Blythe 7 for 21, Woolley 3 for 21. Worcestershire made 43.

Frank Foster for Warwickshire, was wonderfully successful on the bowler's wicket, taking five of the last six Kent wickets for 13. The first sixteen wickets of the day fell for 42 runs. Of course when Kent had to go and make 147 to win, and had lost Humphreys and Seymour for 16 runs, it looked as though they would be beaten, but the Southerners rose to the occasion and won easily.

But in the very next match, Kent lose their unbroken record. The Blythe of the West—Dennett—was the chief factor of the brilliant win by Gloucestershire, but some exceptionally fine fielding by the Gloucester men, and some great defensive cricket by Barnett later on, meant so many additional nails in the coffin of Kent.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

J. H. (Kirkburton).—The address of the Divorce Law Reform Union is Norwich Union Buildings, Piccadilly, London, W.

Leonard (Northampton).—The fares are about £6 5s. steerage and £11 5s. second class cabin by the Cunard Line.

A. K. (Blackpool).—Our artist will be visiting your town shortly.

H. G. (Thrapston).—Should think that with the proofs in your possession you would have no difficulty in obtaining handsome damages.

G. T. (Barnsley).—There are good prospects in the Navy, but we are informed on reliable authority that although the rate of pay has been increased 3d. per day, clothes, etc., are costing more than before the rise.

D. L. (Gosport).—Will make enquiries and let you know by post.

J. B. (Birmingham).—Freak holidays are coming more into vogue, but as long as a person enjoys himself, it does not much matter what other people think.

F. H. (Cardiff).—A 3½ h.p. with side-car is quite powerful enough to negotiate the steepest hill. Any higher horse-power must of necessity mean a heavier machine.

J. F. (Knaresborough).—Sorry we cannot adjudicate as to which is the better fly. Write to "Angler's News."

A. G. (Runcorn).—Capt. Saunders will advise you in a week or two.

F. D. (Leicester).—You are mostly to blame in the matter, and if you are going to let so-called "pride" stand in the way, then it's your look-out.

AN UNAPPRECIATED ATTACHMENT.

The Minister was clearly in a bad way. As D. his nephew and private secretary, said at the old man's nerves had gone to pot. The suggested, in perhaps more decorous organ "The Daily Lyre," where it was that the Secretary of State was resting of his official duties, and needed rest. Mr. Richard Spattes was assisting with the usual pile of correspondence mail had brought.

"Dick," said his uncle, suddenly, "in the letters marked personal with the rest. deed!" continued he angrily. "I'm sick of these miserable women are placed on account of my official duties."

"Certainly, sir," cheerily answered Spattes, as he commenced upon the letters on the Minister's table.

"Well, what's the matter now, Minister?" snapped later, as the secretary, with a pained brow, over a communication.

"Only some silly suffragette rot," answered absently.

"Put it in the waste-paper basket," retorted irritably.

Instead of complying with his chief's desire Spattes read the missive again. It only half a dozen words:—"Beware of your flat-footed friend." murmured he to himself.

"Flat-footed friend" caught up on the Minister's must refer to your Aunt Harriet. The Minister certainly could not boast of a fairy tread.

"No, it isn't 'flat-footed' at all," corrected "It's 'four-footed.'"

"Four-footed!" repeated the Minister. name what do they mean by that?

"Probably nothing," said the secretary, with sure, "They merely want to try and frighten."

"That's all very well," replied the other. I have too much reason to believe that they mean business. Why, a few nights ago I found a kitten in my bed. The next morning I found which was written, "Votes for Women."

"Then I'll give it to the detectives," said the Minister. to go there on another matter," said the secretary.

"By-the-bye, sir, allow me to offer you a memento of the day, and perhaps this little memento."

"Thanks, my dear boy, thanks. And especially gift." The Minister, who had also risen, but in thought, slipped the small package that Mr. given him into his coat-tail pocket.

"Beware of your four-footed friend," muttered the Minister as he paced his room after the secretary. At that moment his eye happened to rest on the boar-hound, lying in the corner, that had been his companion since he had been the object of their scorn.

"Good Gad," exclaimed he, "that is the friend! What mischief can they perpetrate?"

The Minister approached the dog with a tinised it closely. The faithful animal wagged and beat the floor languidly with its tail.

Gradually, and to his horror, a muffled sound like the tick of a clock, struck the ear.

"The fiends!" hissed he, sinking into a chair, wiping the gathering perspiration from his forehead.

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YOU can roll fresh, sweet, cool tobacco into your own with fresh tobacco, and roll it in the Cigarette Paper.

You will find that your own cigarettes will be cooler, last longer, and they will cost you less.

But insist on

"A.G." Cigarette Paper

No other is so fine or so good. Sold everywhere.

...d a small time-bomb in some meat or a bone, the brute has swallowed it!"

the necessity for prompt action the Minister

...possibly as possible, and crept towards the

...the faithful hound was now wide

...on doing his escort duty.

...there! good doggie," said his master in as in-

...tones as the quaver in his voice permitted. "Lie

...and he edged further towards the door.

...the dog, however, was no shirker. The animal knew

...duty was to stick close to the Minister. And that duty

...be thoroughly discharged.

...the result was that master and dog reached the door

...simultaneously.

...the strain was too much for the overwrought Minister

...ing the door open, he dashed down the stairs.

...ded ... like a flash of lightning, the

...the faithful hound disappear into

...going towards Charing Cross, was passing.

...Minister made a bolt for it.

...right, sir," shouted the good-natured conductor,

...Go on! "Don't hurry. We'll stop."

...Go on!" yelled the Minister, jumping on the

...and mounting outside.

...Even if you have lost your hat, you won't want to lose

...too," said the smiling conductor (he had not

...the identity of his heated and dishevelled fare)

...slowed down.

...sprang on the bus and up the stairs. His

...at meeting his master again was not shared by the

...with a cry, scuttled down the steps and off the

...empty taxi stood near, and the Minister leapt into it

...lambeth Palace," shouted he (giv-

...the first address that occurred to him), through the win-

...the chauffeur, pointing

...the faithful hound which had been sum-

...from the bus by the irate and suspicious

...Will you take him inside?"

...You dog at all," retorted the frenzied Minister. "He

...is mad!"

...said the chauffeur tersely as he got down

...and opened the door. "Lambeth Palace, in-

...git out of my cab!"

...to whether the Minister would alight or not

...by the renewed intervention of the faithful

...advantage of the open door to jump in.

...Minister was again in the street, and

...the hound at his coat tails, back to

...the still-astonished porter was gazing

...up the stairs.

...tore the terrified Minister—the

...the Minister—the secretary had chanced

...some papers—"Dick! Thank God! Take

...away! It ticks! The Suffragettes!

...bones—I mean bombs." He sank ex-

...chair.

...do, come here, sir," called Mr. Spattes firmly,

...the dog obeyed, he listened carefully, "I'm blessed

...I can hear any ticks, sir," continued he.

...I can hear it from here," groaned the other.

...do with the little table clock I gave you

...present? That was going," asked the sud-

...tened secretary.

...shouted the Minister. "Why it's been in my

...all the time! And that's what I must have

...some tip that Mr. Spattes gave the porter

...ter to accept with large and simple faith the

...it was under doctor's orders, and for the good

...that the Minister had indulged in such violent

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...woman knew how she looks while running to catch

...she wouldn't.

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...Street, Regent Street, W., whose advertisement ap-

...Pap



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WIFE: "If you had been a sensible man, you would have taken a course of instruction from Arthur Girvan and had no need to use a stool."

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STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

As I prophesied last week, markets have taken a very decided turn for the better, and with the more peaceful outlook a further very substantial improvement is bound to take place.

"Bears" have been raiding all markets during the last three or four weeks. As they will be now wisely closing their commitments, rapid increases in some stocks will be the order of the day.

Especially is this the case among Home Railway speculative stocks.

There has already been a sharp improvement in Great Central Preferred, but this is likely to go much further, as this line is doing so extremely well that some of the optimists are even venturing to think that they are likely to receive a small dividend on the B stock.

We are likely to see a rise of two or three points in Great Northern Deferred, Brighton Deferred, and South Eastern Deferred.

Metropolitan Consols seem to be coming into favour again, and Metropolitan Districts are extremely cheap at the present price, and should most certainly be picked up for a rise of several points.

The American market has been the best of the past week, and at last Wednesday's carry-over prices showed rises from one to five points.

Eries have been strongly supported, and Union Pacifics have been a very firm spot. By the time this paper is published it is quite possible the details of the Merger Scheme will at last be given to the public, and once the air is cleared of this business Union Pacifics and other American Railroads should go ahead.

There has been a general recovery in prices in the Oil market, and it really looks as if we are at last to see distinctly better times here. The only shares that I can confidently recommend readers having anything to do with are Shell Transport, which should be good for a 10s. rise, and be purchased by the bold investor, who will undoubtedly Spies Petroleum, and Premier Oil and Pipe Lines should be purchased by the bold investor, who will undoubtedly receive a handsome reward a little later on.

For the speculator Galician Oil Trust are the best, and most attractive to buy.

The public are still fighting very shy of the Rubber market, and with the exception of one or two of the young producing companies, it is candidly best to leave it alone.

In the case, however, of some of these young companies which are already paying dividends the shares certainly do stand at very attractive prices, as they have shed several pence in the general decline. A case in point is Dolok 2s. shares. The present price is 1s. 6d., and as the company has paid a 5 per cent. dividend for the last two years and is likely to do better this year, the shares at anything under par are certainly worth holding.

Then, again, there are Chersonese, Kamuning, Singapore Para, United Sumatra and Yam Seng that are quoted very low and will show a good yield to the investor.

In the Industrial section I would specially draw readers' attention to Brazil Traction. They are 100 dollar shares paying a regular dividend of 6 per cent., and at the present low watermark of 90 they are really a most attractive investment purchase. The Company's monthly returns show enormous increases on last year, and greater improvements can be looked for.

Among the Newspaper Shares, Aalgamated Press have had rather a sharp slump, and are certainly cheap at the present price of 6½.

The Bowerman's Press is, shares can be bought by applying direct to the Secretary of the Company, moreover, readers can save all brokerage and charges.

National Steam Cars are one of the best investments in the Industrial market. They pay a dividend of 10 per cent., and as the traffic increases there is every likelihood of the dividend for the current year. The shares are now 25s. against 38s. about two months ago.

Among South Africans, Shebas at 55. 3d. Deepes at 3s. 9d. to 4s., are the finest things in the market.

Readers should refer to my notes of last week. Shebas, which have improved sixpence, drew their attention to them, and after a slump in prices all round, they have only lost threepence of their value.

The Simmer Deep Company is still making progress, and the profits for the current month well up to expectations.

Among Rhodesians, Chartereds are the only ones speculating in, but at the present low price they be worth holding for a shilling or two rise in month or two.

The report of the Exploring Land and Minerals Company was well liked in the market, and the shares are likely to go ahead at any time. At the 5s. shares are certainly dirt cheap at 3s.

Rhodesian Central Mining Shares should be a promising lock-up, as the mine is a good one. Manager's report last week was certainly most encouraging.

BRIEF REPLIES.

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RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

Dark Ronald, who was the property of Sir Abe Bailey, has been sold to the Prussian Government. It is understood that £25,000 was paid for the Royal Hunt Cup winner of 1909.

"Atty" Perse, the Stockbridge trainer, has some fine animals under his charge, and on Wednesday he won the Irish Derby with Bachelor's Wedding, who was unplaced in our Derby, but is nevertheless a good horse. The starting price of 6 to 4 shows how much fancied this brother of Bachelor's Hope was, and no doubt those connected with the Chattis Hill establishment had a good win.

How often it happens that a trainer reaches the thirteen mark and then experiences great difficulty in getting past the unlucky number, as it is termed. Prior to Saturday last Bob Lines and Sam Pickering had each trained thirteen winners, and, curiously enough, both succeeded in training a race for his patrons since The Angel Man carried off the Reigate Welter Handicap at Gatwick on May 24th, and it was this gelding by The Tinman—Perfect Peace that Pickering's horses are located at Kentford, near Newmarket, and Dissension's victory in the Mill House Plate enabled this most capable trainer to pass the baker's dozen mark. No doubt these two stables will now pay to follow, as well as the one presided over by Reggie Day at Newmarket.

A rather big job came undone when Miss Douglas failed at Windsor. With regard to this filly and The Angel Man, a very curious bit of handicapping was noticeable in the Thames Handicap, Mr. Taplow's recent purchase being set to receive 13lb. from The Angel Man, but was actually in receipt of 18lb. owing to the services of that coming lightweight, Cooper, who claimed the 5lb. appren-

tice allowance. At Gatwick last month Mr. Edge's gelding conceded Miss Douglas 21lb. and beat her a length, so on the book she stood a poor chance of reversing the placings. Miss Douglas is reported greatly superior to New York, and will no doubt soon carry off a minor handicap. It may be worth noting that Miss Douglas was kicked at the post at Windsor.

The smart two-year-olds, The Tetrarch and Stornaway, can meet in the Champagne Stakes, but the former fulfils a prior engagement in the £5,000 race at Sandown Park next month. In both races Sir E. Cassel's Ascot winner Hapsburg can also compete.

Racing takes place this week at Newmarket and Carlisle on Tuesday and Wednesday; at Newmarket and Worcester on Thursday and Friday; and the week finishes up with Alexandra Park. The London Cup is the principal race at the last-named meeting.

The principal handicap at Newmarket is the Duke of Cambridge Handicap on Wednesday. There will not be a big field, as only twelve have accepted. Of these, Drinmore, Santair, and Cuthbert appeal to me as a likely trio for the winner to spring from, and in declaring for Santair I am taking into consideration how unlucky Sir J. K. K's colt was in the Royal Hunt Cup. He can be ridden by a stronger jockey here—most likely by J. H. Martin.

Although the London Cup at Alexandra Park had an entry of 33, only eleven remain now the acceptances have been published. It is interesting to note that competitors here must have been placed before the race closed. Judging by the way Mohacz was supported for the Royal June Handicap at Windsor, Lord Carnarvon's colt should take a lot of beating. Upon that occasion he finished second to Kleinfontein, with Le Touquet 3rd and Early Hope unplaced, and should confirm that running. Between Chili II. and Early Hope there is not much to choose, as on their Ascot and Newbury runnings they should finish close together. Of those handicapped below 7st. I prefer the chance of Bentley, who has proved successful in his two races this season. In summing up, I shall expect

MOHACZ

to occupy the winning position, with Bentley placed. My other selections are:—

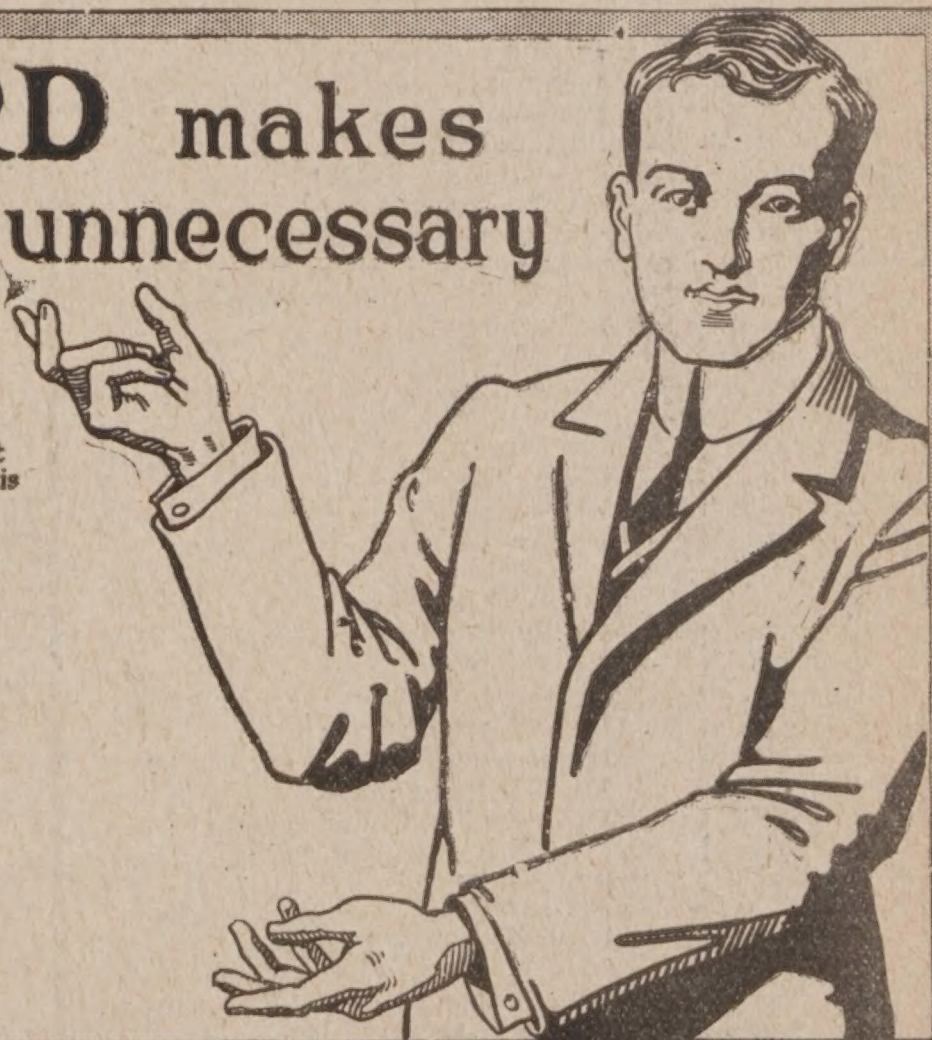
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NEWMARKET.—Tuesday

Hare Park Handicap: Wilfrid.

Visitors' Plate: Maycup.

Bottisham Plate: Fairy King.

Wednesday.

Plantation Plate: Tom Firr.

Soham Plate: Orpiment.

Stud Produce Stakes: Aldford.

Thursday.

Three-Year-Old Handicap: Siphonia.

July Cup: Hornet's Beauty.

Friday.

Princess Plate: Brakespear or Varavil.

Waterbeach Handicap: Wrack.

Welter Handicap: England.

CARLISLE.—Tuesday.

Cumberland Plate: Torbane.

Bective Plate: Sisera II.

Wednesday.

Blackhall Handicap: Cathay.

Devonshire Plate: Woolacombe.

WORCESTER.—Thursday.

Worcestershire Handicap: Rear Admiral.

Friday.

City Handicap: Wangara.

ALEXANDRA PARK.—Saturday.

July Handicap: Battleaxe.

Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate: Matcho Paani.

Islington Plate: Willaura.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

She distinctly gave me the glad eye, and considering she was the flattest flapper I have ever seen, I cottoned on. I am not usually forward, but "Er—good afternoon—er—nice day, isn't it?" I blurted out. She was obviously amused at my embarrassment.

"Very nice," she murmured sweetly. It was rather a crowded corner, and I had a feeling that all the passers-by were gazing at us, so suggested we should stroll along to the park. "That is, of course," I said, "if you can spare the time."

A little shrug of her shoulders gave me the answer, and we strolled. She was a stunner! Her hair was a lovely nut-brown, which hung in—er—ripples down her back. Her cheeks were rosy; but her dimples—oh, her dimples were a treat!

Somehow we found ourselves on a seat by the lake, and before I knew where I was, I had suggested a row on the lake—and then—I remembered!

I had gone to the corner by the trams to meet a cousin whom I had never seen. "Hang the cousin," thought I, "and the consequences!"

We were reclining at ease on the boat's cushions under an overhanging tree on the island. I confided to her my business at the corner. "I expect she's a flat-nosed frump, with goggle eyes and ginger hair," I said. "Really, you are not very flattering, considering you have never seen her. What is her name?" she replied.

"Oh, the name is enough to tell you the girl's character—it's Maria Jones!"

She laughed. "Oh, and you think that because a girl's name is Maria Jones, that she must of necessity be plain and unprepossessing?"

I confessed that it gave me that impression.

With a twinkle in her eye, and a demure expression on her face, she asked me to guess her name.

"Angela?" I ventured. "No." I had another shot. "Isobel?" "No." Still another—"Er—Miriam?" "No—it's Maria, and my surname is—Jones!"

"Then you are—?" I stammered, blushing painfully.

"Yes, if your name is Dick Selborne, I am your cousin—Maria," she said scornfully. There was silence for a minute or two, then in a tragic manner worthy of Forbes-Robertson, I admitted slowly—"I am Dick Selborne."

The look on my face must have amused her, for she broke into a peal of laughter. But I didn't feel like laughing. She—Maria—(it costs me an effort to write the name) leaned forward, and wagging a finger warningly, said, "Don't, in future, Mr. Dick Selborne, judge the character of a girl you have never seen by her name."

I have never had need to. "Maria" sounds a beautiful name to me now. You see, we're engaged. F.S.G.

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* * *

rig-out may be as follows:—White flannel pants, ns cut to wear turned up, tops cut level all round, i.e., igher at back than front, back strap from side seam ve seam, or a white buckskin belt about 1½ in. wide very smart.

* * *

ors usually put side pockets, but in a boat money is drop out. Try cross pockets for a change, and have hole and buttons to the hip pocket.

* * *

eed not go to Henley without money in your pocket, ve pockets that will keep money safe, or as safe as it e kept with girls to lunch, tea, and possibly a drive wards in the gloaming.

* * *

striped shirt, soft collar, and smart tie, white shoes needed items.

* * *

choosing tie and hatband, be careful not to use well- n Club or College colours, unless you have a right to . Unauthorised use of such sometimes leads to com- ns at meetings like Henley.

* * *

nally, from Bermondsey, must not wear Balliol colours.

* * *

nally, smart socks, well suspended, complete the pic-

* * *

C.L. of Manchester, writes to ask if I approve of ct cuffs upon an overcoat. I do not think an English- nners wear these. Unless a man has the appearance algarism of a Foreign Count I think velvet cuffs are

* * *

other reader is anxious to see polo at its best, and asks if or how, admission can be obtained to Ranelagh or

* * *

mission to Ranelagh can only be obtained by a non- uch on an order from a member.

* * *

an order admits ladies free, but gentlemen have to anyone, however fee of 10s. each.

* * *

to give him an order, who has a friend who is a member will- nnelagh Club grounds lie between the River and Barnes nium, and on a fine afternoon the whole scene is a mag-

* * *

gle grey hats are much seen at present, both in top for ceremonial wear, and in the Hamburg shape.

* * *

ney coats and white waistcoats are also in wear during

* * *

The no-waistcoat-and-cummerbund fashion is not now

* * *

ity of cream alpaca silk are very comfortable wear, they are not for the man of moderate means.

* * *

the smartest man I know tells me he gets his clothes a quite moderate-priced city tailor.

* * *

when the city-made coat could be spotted a on yards away by its over-padding, the machine stitch- ing, which require hand-work to give them proper and a collar slapped on, not manoeuvred round

* * *

days the city tailor adapts himself to the city man to look West End in an unobtrusive but self-

* * *

the city man now does not want to look shiny or over-

* * *

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